

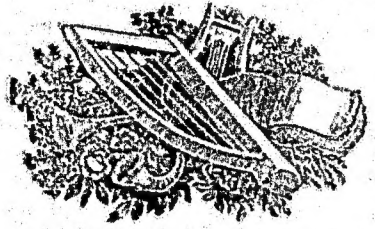
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POETRY.

SWISS SONG.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle-dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn had rung,
And home our steps may turn,
Home!—home!—it still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perished here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to the shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle roused,
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it passed!

They saw the princely crest,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down and trampled here!
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land!

Praise the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel-army was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet, along their steep,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps;
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst those mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd-voice,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle-field!
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God.

MRS. J. HEMANS.

Adventures of Jesse Bennett, An unfledged Yankee, from the District of Maine.

"Why, I've made out pretty considerably well," replied he, in a satisfied provincial tone, which we cannot transfer to our pages. "After farther sold out and went down to Maine, things seemed to look better; but there was such a squad of us boys and gals, that we had soon to shirk for ourselves. Some cleared out one way and some another; but somehow I thought I'd steer for Boston. It's a pretty curious place, and I'd a mind to see it; so mother fixed me off, and I started."

"Boston! but what could you do in Boston?" asked Allen, eagerly.

"What could I do? Why, I'd eyes in my head, and a tongue in my mouth, and as many hands and feet as my neighbors, so I knew I shouldn't starve. I'll tell you," added he, with a knowing wink, "how I fixed it; perhaps it may be of use to you one day or another, when you go to seek your fortune, as be sure you will; you'll see you needn't be no way discouraged, if things don't go just right at first."

"Well?" said Allen, in an expectant tone.

"Well, first I put up at a tavern, and, as the landlord was a likely man I agreed I'd ask his advice. So then he asked me what I could do; and says I, 'I can lay as handsome a swathe as ever you see, and break and swingle flax with any one. It's hard work to be sure but I don't stand on that; and I can reap and bind, and if the grain aint too rank, can cradle up to any.' With that he laughed in my face, and says he, 'I don't think these turns will serve you here.' 'Well,' says I, 'I aint very particular; I don't turn my back on nobody for chopping wood.' 'No,' says he, 'you wont need to, for we saw it all here.' 'Do tell,' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Well, then he stood casting about for a spell, and then says he, 'I rather guess I can get you a waiter's place; how will that suit you?' 'Very well,' but how do you know he can spare it?' So then he laughed again. 'O,

says he, 'you needn't have no difficulty about that.' 'Well, what must I do?' says I; 'what-ever you are bid,' says he. 'What shall I get?' says I. 'Ten dollars a month,' says he. 'Ready money?' says I. 'Certainly,' says he. 'I'll do it,' says I. So that very day he takes me to a gentleman who engaged me off hand."

"And how did you make out there?" asked Allen with much interest.

"You shall hear fast enough," Jesse, with a ridiculous self-complacency, as he was about to contrast his awkward debut in Boston with what he conceived to be his present experience of the world. "You shall hear. I was first quite struck up; the house was grand, and all done off with glasses and pictures, and what not! for they were fore-handed people. Miss Winslow, too—that was her name—was dressed up to the nines, and I could see plain enough, didn't think small of herself. Now when folks are pretty behaved, I don't care how grand they are; but when they look proud as Nebuchadnezzar, it stirs me up considerable; so, thinks I, who cares? I'm as good by nature as she. Well, as I felt kind of strange, and didn't know how to take hold at once, I agreed I'd keep still and see how other folks did. So I had not been above an hour in the house, when I was sitting in the chimney corner, I heard a kind of cow bell ringing just over my head; but I didn't let on. With that, one of the women folks in the kitchen speaks up to me in a flip-pant kind of a way, and says she, 'Don't you hear the bell, boy?' 'Certainly,' says I, 'I aint hard of hearing.' 'Well,' says she, 'why don't you answer it? Answer a bell!' says I, 'for the land's sake how is that?' So then she laughed, and told me that to answer the bell was to go and see what the parlor folks wanted. Well up stairs I went, and there Miss Winslow sat by a piano, as they call it, with a singing book open before her, all pricked off as nice as could be; and, says she, looking me full in the face, just as you do this minute, 'Jesse,' says she, 'I aint to home.' 'Well to be sure, I was all in a blue maze. 'I want to know!' says I. 'I tell you,' says she, with a kind of lofty way, 'I aint to home this morning.' 'Thinks I, the woman's underwitted. What is it to me whether she's to home or not? though there she sits as plain as the nose of her face. So I went away, turning it over in my mind what her idee was in telling me such a contrary thing as that—however I pretty soon found out it meant she didn't choose to let folks in. Well at first, thinks I, this will never do; where I come from we should call that a big lie, besides being ugly and ill-natured; and our folks would go clean off if they thought I had to tell lies for nothing. After a while, though I reasoned myself most into it. She must answer for it, thinks I, and not me; but before I could settle it right to mind, the bell rung again. Well, up stairs I went, but Miss Winslow said she didn't want nothing; but I hadn't got seated before the dumb thing rung again. 'Thinks I, I'm blamed if I go this time; if folks ring for fun, they may take it out in ringing."

Presently though, the same gal, Peggy, they called her—says to me, "Some one rings the street-door bell." "Well," says I, "what does he want? I suppose I aint got to answer all the bells in town, am I?" "What?" says she, "why, he wants to come in, to be sure." "Well," thinks I, "if that isn't the most shiftless thing ever I see—why in nature can't he open the door himself?" However, it was as easy doing that as any thing else, so I said nothing to nobody. But when I opened the door there was no creter there—so I looked up street and down street, and at last I see some folks tossed off pretty much after the way of Miss Winslow, and I concluded they must be the ones, so I started after them, thinking it was but civil, and says I, "though I can't let you in this morning, it is a pity to come for nothing, and so if you'll tell me your business, perhaps I can do it for you, and I dare say Miss Winslow would be pleased to have you call another time." But they laughed like mad and said it was no matter; and told me to give their duty, or some such, to Miss Winslow, and said, besides, that they had left their cards. "Card?" thinks I, "now what is that again? there's wool cards and cotton cards, and playing cards; but which of these they mean I can't tell no more than a post. Well, when I got back, I see scattered all over the entry floor, (they had tucked them under the door) take it, and in my hurry I hadn't seen 'em) ever so many pieces of paper, all figured on with gold stamps, and all directed to different people. 'Well,' thinks I, 'there's something, so I goes in and asks Peggy what was to be done with these, and if I had got to carry these things to Mr. this and Miss that, according to what was written on them. So she looked in a scornful way and told me to put them in the rack. Now I knew well enough she couldn't mean the hay-rack, but what she did mean, if I had been to suffer, I couldn't tell. But by this time I was so pestered I was downright riled, so I wouldn't ask no questions about it, nor budge an inch. With that she took them out of my hand, with a jerk, and off she set up stairs; and pretty soon back she comes, looking up as chipper as ever you see, and says she, 'Go right up to Miss Winslow.' Well up I goes, and says she 'Jesse, you may go,' says

she; you know I only took you on trial, and you won't suit me—so you needn't stay no longer. 'Thinks I, you are as well suited, I guess, as I am; so I cleared out pretty quick."

From Allen Prescott, by Mrs. Sedwick.

The Timber Trade.

We met, says the Albany Evening Journal, an old friend returning from New York, where as he informed us, he had just sold a quantity of Lumber, which he had rated down. In reply to our question as to what kind of Timber he had taken to market, he said it was "hand-spike, chisel-handle and corset-stuff!" We were startled at the idea of rating Corset timber, in the log, to New York; but a brief explanation set us right. You must recollect, said our friend, that there are nearly or quite six millions of females in the U. S.; and that they all, white, yellow and black, wear Corsets. Now when you reflect that it requires about as much timber to put a Lady "in Stays," as it does to set up a flour barrel, can you wonder that Corset Timber forms an important item in the Lumber-man's account?

"Train up a Child," &c.

Nothing is easier than to repeat a proverb, and nothing more difficult than carrying it into execution. We can all advise each other how to bring up children, but utterly fail in carrying out our own precepts into practice. When we look into our police reports—in the list of accidents and offences—in the dire calamities and suicides which, unhappily, too frequently occur in our large city,—we are convinced that there are many radical defects in precept and example—in our systems and discipline—in our laws and their administration.

Sufferings of some kind or other in health, in mind, in fortune, seem to fall to the lot of every man, no matter how circumstanced or conditioned, and the ills of life appear to be providentially distributed among all classes—proving how artificial is all rank and distinction in the estimate of human worth.

We frequently see a rich man, who has accumulated wealth by honest industry, afflicted with extravagant and dissipated sons—or, what is worse, an honorable and exemplary father cursed with a dishonest child, who tarnishes by his crimes, a name always respected, and brings down to the grave, in sorrow, the grey hairs of a pure and upright life. This is really an affliction, because, more or less, society at large suffers. It is hard to reform those who have grown up in vicious propensities; yet the vices of nature age should admonish us to guard the young shoots from equal blight and destruction. A rich man should bring up his son, as the poor man does, to work and labor for himself. Early and active, and steady employment is the secret to bring up children well. No matter at what occupation—no matter how laborious, as long as the mind is employed—as long as attention is directed to proper objects of business—bad examples and bad company will be avoided. Five or six years of a young man's time thus closely occupied will confirm him in habits of industry; and his own resources of mind and body—his own industry and enterprise will advance him honorably and prosperously in life. A rich father should always help a child when he proves his ability and inclination to help himself, and not sooner. We have no nobility, nor titled families, nor aristocratic distinctions; yet how frequently do we find an indulgent, rich father, who, from humble life, has raised himself in the world, indulging his son in extravagance and idle habits—giving him money to spend in gaudy and fashion—at the race course, the hotel, or the billiard room—under the delusion that he never will want, and that he must inherit an ample fortune.

What is the result? Idleness begets vice, dissipation follows, and loss of health, of fortune, and character is the inevitable result. A rich man, instead of giving his son a few hundred dollars now and then for what are called his contingent expenses, and under the fallacious idea that he must make an appearance like a gentleman, should say to him 'for every thousand dollars which you earn by enterprise and industry I will add a thousand safely invested for you to be used at that advanced period of life when you know the value of money and are entitled to ease and comfort.' The very facility which young men have of obtaining money lends them into ruinous extravagance; and when from design or accident, their means are checked, they resort to crime to furnish themselves the sources of enjoyment.

Brandy and water, and segars—a fast trotting horse—a pocket book with bank notes, gaming, and late hours,—are the rocks on which are shipwrecked many bright boys, and alluring prospects—the fond anticipations of good parents, and the realization of anxiously desired blessings.—N. Y. Star.

For the Ladies.

A way to make Calicoes wash well. Infuse three gills of Salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the Calico in while hot, and leave it till cold. And in this way, the colors are rendered permanent—and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

The Difficulties of an Editor.

An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinions fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he states facts without comments he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackknives who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape—by the yard—hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimble; and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—"Stop my paper, I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry," as if it really were a loss to be regretted, the profits being so enormous, and after paying four pence half-penny for a sheet of paper before it is printed on, together with the expense attending collecting and printing the contents of a newspaper, certainly a monstrous revenue exists out of the seven pence, after these must-be-paid expenses are liquidated. One murmurs because his paper is too literary—another because his paper is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the type so small, that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for hand-bills. In fact every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.—[English paper.]

Practical Knowledge.

A young lady was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "pray tell me can she spin?"

What will modern ladies say of the gallantry of King James. A lady who can spin, if we except those in manufacturing establishments is rarely one to be found in these days, as was then who understood the languages. Practical and useful education—give place to ornamental and drawing-room education. Those young ladies who are instructed in the practical business of assisting in household affairs are termed domestics, and those who are educated in the use of the spindle, the shuttle, or the needle, are operatives. Few know how to make their own clothes and are entirely dependent on their mantua makers and milliners for the gracefulness with which their persons are adorned. But we will stop, lest it be considered we are treading on forbidden ground. ****

I was quite amused a day or two since to see a white man sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving directions in the following strain:

"Put dat tick a leetle furdur to de middle of deorse; stop, stop, put dat cat-tie on de top and saw dem loke togedder. Lit up dat log up out de gutter. Make hase. Saw away fasser you lazy rascal, you don't arn de salt ob your porridge."

A gentleman just then stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which he (the black) had been engaged to do.

"Cause me ploy him for de job?"

"And how much do you give him?"

"Four and six-pence."

"How's that? you are to have four shillings the usual price."

"Oh, nebbur mind, its wort sixpence to be gemman."—[Boston Evening Gazette.]

The Kennebec Journal says—"Gov. Poin-dexter has been the first man in Mississippi for twenty of thirty years." If that be the case, God save the State of Mississippi.—Bangor Republican.

A Remarkable Fact.—Superstition. There is a grave in Riss churchyard, in this county, on which a blade of grass was never observed or known to have grown, although it has been there for upwards of 80 years. The old women and the rest of the superstitious of the neighborhood affirm the reason to be, that the person buried in it was a process server.—Wexford Conservative.

Good things, well said. We invite attention to the following article from the Hartford (Conn.) Patriot & Democrat. It is sound, well-written, easy to be understood, incontrovertible in its positions and Democratic in its sentiments:—

From the Hartford Patriot.

STOCK, CREDIT AND BANK BILLS.

We are not about to indite a new dissertation upon these most dry of all earthly topics. A winter evening might suit the spinning out of such an article but suits not the gentle month

of May, when the fields are green, the trees fragrant with blossoms, and the groves echoing with birds. But there are some common sense views of these important subjects which we wish to keep constantly before our readers, and one of them we mean, in plain language to present this day.

Stocks earn nothing—they never make wealth—Banks never make wealth.—Let us look a minute at this subject. Banks manufacture what is called money, and many people think they make riches of the country, but it is not so. Banks create no wealth—they merely transfer it from one person to another.—They are machines to accumulate wealth in the hands of a few, and the wealth thus accumulated wholly created by those who work.—How is wealth made? By work—by industry—and in no other way. A wild horse is good for nothing. Catch him and train him, and he is valuable—and enough such will make the owners wealthy. Bank bills never could catch or tame him.

Clay, tin, the earth, is of no use to men.—Dig it out, mould and form it, and it becomes bricks, or vessels of utility. You might mix it with Bank bills forever, and it would be of no value.

The earth has a producing power. Sow it with Bank bills and it yields nothing. Men must work it or they will never be rich.

Here is a rich man:—O! what does his wealth consist of? Let us say houses, furniture, goods and money. Where did this wealth come from? Every cent was earned by industry.—The houses men built by hard blows from timber or other materials, which before they were worked up, were good for nothing. So was the furniture manufactured and the goods.—The money, it it be real money, i. e. Gold and Silver, was mined by hard labor, just as stone is dug from the quarry. This labor somebody has submitted to. The wealth may be in the hands of the man that earned it, or it may have slipped into other hands. But the laboring man earned every cent of it. We include merchants among laboring men, for the man who brings the hoghead of sugar from its place of manufacture to the country village, labors as truly as the negro who pressed it. Industry—labor— toil, then is the source of all wealth. Let the man of sense think of the matter, and he will see at once, that all wealth comes from this source.

Now Gold and Silver are real wealth—for if they are not used in exchange as money, they may be manufactured into various articles, and the metals are beautiful and permanent, that any body will give almost any thing in exchange for them. But Bank bills are mere pieces of paper containing fair promises. They are of no intrinsic value. You can do nothing with them in the end but compel the promiser to pay them in money. The paper is not worth a farthing. If the promises were written on a chip, a shingle, or piece of white birch bark, they would be just as good. They are mere contrivances, like other notes of hand, to postpone the payment of money or real value. If the Bank breaks, they are good for nothing. If the Banks in the country break, Gold is just as good as ever. If a man for a day's work receive a dollar bill, he gets no real value—he merely gets somebody's promise to pay him a dollar. If he gets the Gold or Silver, he is actually paid, but not otherwise.

There is, then, no wealth—no intrinsic value—no substantial real worth in Bank bills, and the country is not made any richer by the manufacture of them. If Banks should issue a million of these promises where they now issue one, it would add nothing to the wealth of the country.

What then is their operation, and why are many so anxious to establish them? They are beneficial to the stock-holders, it is easy to see. They put in perhaps a hundred thousand dollars capital. Seventy-five thousand of this they loan out at the usual rate of interest. In the next place they issue their own notes, not on interest, and which are called Bank bills, for perhaps a hundred thousand dollars more.—On this amount they receive interest from those who borrow their bills. Thus while they actually lie out of the use of twenty-five thousand dollars, they draw interest on one hundred and seventy-five thousand.

They are sometimes of advantage to the borrowers. The man who borrows bank bills can give his own note, payable at a future time.—With the Bank bills thus borrowed, poorer men are hired to labor, and with the wealth they create he pays his debts, and he continues to make them create enough more than he pays them for, to lay by a snug amount for himself. This advantage he derives from credit; it enables him to get rich, and soon to become himself a stock-holder. But the wealth is all earned by hard labor. The Bank bills are a mere contrivance to enable the man who has them, to save for himself some portion of the wealth which is created by the industry of him who has them not.

Banks, then, do not add to the wealth of a country. They merely aid in the withdrawing from the laboring man some portion of the wealth that is created by his industry, and this portion they transfer to the purse of the rich.—Let plain men ponder these things.

From the N. E. Galaxy.

Heads and Points—No 1.

Hullo there—you're the Editor of the Galaxy, hey?

No sir. Not the Editor of the Galaxy; but one Editor of the Galaxy.

I don't know as I know exactly what you mean; but I want to have a word or two with you.

I don't like to have words with a stranger, sir; if it can well be avoided.

Oh ye don't, do ye?—But I've been wanting to see you this ever so long, and now I've fallen in with you, I've a—

You want to fall out with me, hey?

Why no, not exactly that; but I want to give you a piece of my mind.

Thank ye—but I'm no friend to partnerships; the whole or none for me—if you've any piece left; for I see by your pocket-book there, and the five-hundred dollar bills you've been flourishing about with since you came aboard, that you are a speculator in timber-lands.

Wal—what's that to you? I made forty thousand dollars yesterday; and it's nobody's business that I know of—is it?

No, I should call it anything but business—to my notion it deserves a very different name.

Wal, what's that?

Gambling.

Tell you what 'tis, Mister—I believe your name's N—

I bowed.

If you don't look out, you'll have some braith saved up to you a leetle hotter an' you'd like it, maybe?

Maybe so.—And the sooner the better.

But my dear sir, said another passenger, whispering with a good-natured eye, and evidently with a kind purpose—what can have set you so against these timber-lands? Everybody makes money—you don't hear of any body losing.

I beg your pardon. But I have heard of some cases—and I expect to hear more, when the land is no longer worth keeping. And at last, when the second, third or fourth instalments are due, when settling day comes, I know that multitudes will acknowledge both their knavery and folly. It cannot be otherwise.

Why sir—I could tell you some stranger stories than you ever yet heard of, and some that I know to be true.

Do you refer to the paupers, who escaped from the work house at Bangor, and before they were caught, contrived to make eighteen thousand dollars a piece?

Not exactly.

Well, sir, said a gentlemanly bystander, in spectacles—if he cannot, I can tell you of a case quite as wonderful. My brother, who is a lawyer, had an execution against a fellow but a few days ago, for twenty dollars; the debtor swore out on another, for a smaller sum, in the presence of my brother—say on Tuesday last—my brother seeing this, and finding the fellow destitute proceeded no further with his demand. The very next day, the debtor became a man of property, having made ten thousand dollars clear, by one of the chances that are occurring now at every hour.

And there stands a young man—a law student but the other day—and this we know to be true—who has made rising twenty thousand dollars within the last two months and has got the money in his pocket now; and there goes another man who has made and pocketed nearly two-hundred thousand dollars within the last three months. He began a year or two ago, and got up a sort of mining con, any, himself acting as agent, whereby he has done a world of good, and led to the discovery of incalculable resources in Maine, which but for his headlong enterprise would not have been reached, or ground out for another century perhaps—the shares cost him five dollars; he has lately sold them for a profit of thirty thousand dollars; and it is but a few months ago, he made forty-one thousand dollars in one day by a speculation which cost him but one thousand. So with every thing he touches just now. He has failed in business two or three times, but being full of courage, hope, marvellousness and enterprise, is now a wealthy man. Nay more, he has got his wealth in a way profitable to others, or a large part of it, and the rest he is welcome to—by leading to a discovery of the natural resources of our State.

Forty-one thousand dollars in one day! whispered a bystander—and here am I, after toiling for fifty years, up early and late, and living a life of unexampled self-denial, with hardly property enough to bury myself decently. Thank God though, I owe no man a dollar, and if I drop into my grave to-morrow, my children are taken care of.

How, sir?

They are well educated sir, with a good trade a piece for them.

Then sir, you are a richer man by far than the possessor of millions!

But how did he manage it?—I declare I should like to know the story.

That you may out of his own mouth.—I say!

Mr. C—calling to a small dark, sharp-eyed looking man, with a pleasant mouth and a fine forehead—come this way, will ye? Mr. C came up, and the matter was soon explained to him, and he told the story.

Why the fact is, I had a timber-tract which cost me seventeen cents. Messrs. S—and B—had another lying not far off—or rather a bond for another, at sixty cents.

Al—I thought they had got sick of bonds and townships and timber-lands—they gave six thousand dollars not long ago I heard to be let off, in the only purchase they had ever meddled with.

True, and the land was immediately sold at a much higher price. I knew this, and knew they were not the owners of the bond at sixty cents. So I called and offered to sell. No—they wanted to sell too. Well—give or take—our lands lie pretty near together, you see, and mine cost but seventeen cents. Give or take—what says ye? After some consultation together, S. & B. called for an offer. Very well, said I—an offer 'tis then. I'll give you one thousand dollars for the bond. They were evidently surprised—looked pleased, and after consulting together, proposed to sell for one thousand dollars, at one dollar, instead of sixty cents the acre. No—that ain't my way. Yes or no. I've made my offer—take it or leave it. They would take till to-morrow to consider of it. As you like—but I shan't. I make the offer now—and now I must have the answer. Yes or no.—Well then, yes! The very next day, I cleared forty-one thousand dollars on that single purchase! And saying this, he walked away.

And I can tell you of another case added a bystander, for the truth of which I also will vouch. A man came to Bangor as a day-laborer last spring. He belonged to New Hampshire, and was not worth \$500 in the world, owning a small house and a little bit of a farm, wretchedly stocked. Not having any thing to do for himself, he took a trip down East. Within a week after his arrival at Bangor, he happened to be sitting in the bar-room of a public house, when a party of dashing fellows came in, who began talking together about a splendid purchase they were going to make in partnership. After listening awhile, without being heeded by them, probably on account of his appearance, he stole out, went to the land-office and secured the pre-emption for the very tract they had been talking about. After a few days, they returned from exploring, and were satisfied. It was to be a fortune for all of them—there was no kind of doubt or difficulty. The money was theirs. Upon which he lugs out a certificate, and asks them if that ain't the land they are talking about. After due enquiry, they find it so—and paid him thirty thousand dollars cash, to forego his claim. After this, and within a few months he made thirty-five thousand dollars more, and returned to New-Hampshire, and bought one of the best farms in New England, where he has had the good sense to settle himself down and go to work as before.

Al—that man will die rich—or rather may die rich, though the chances are five to one against him—even him. He has tasted the forbidden fruit—and who has once dabbled with its luciousness can ever hope to forbear, with out a special interposition? Tell you what 'tis, friend—you don't know quite so much as you think you do, rejoined the first speaker, turning short on his heel, and adjusting his shirt-collar as if he had never owned one before.

Nothing more likely—but I know enough to keep my fingers out of a bear-trap, and eschew speculation about these days— Devil trust ye! if all they say is true. I don't see much difference between speculation in timber-lands or granite. Nor I neither—and as I see by the faces here, that you mean to have a turn up with me before we part—allow me to say that I see no difference between the knaves and fools who are engaged in the granite speculations, and those who are turning round about timber-lands. To give one hundred thousand dollars for a share in any thing now, is neither more nor less than downright madness—and ought to entitle the purchaser to free admission into a lunatic hospital, as it certainly does into a work-house.

And yet, I heard you say not half an hour ago, that you yourself had bought into a ledge—the best in the world—if that ain't speculation, I should like to know what is? Then sir, I'll inform you. That is not speculation. I knew what I bought only to prevent others from speculating on a poor but very honest fellow, who was under contract with me to furnish granite of a particular kind for a block of eight handsome buildings. To hinder that, and make sure of material enough to finish that block, I bought in, as you call it.

Didn't I just hear you refuse the same price for one quarry, that you gave for the whole? Yes. And for that very same reason. I did not buy for speculation—but with other and better purposes. My block once built, and that particular granite, the best in the world I verily believe—even the Hallowell being lighter color, less heavy, softer, not so free from pyrites &c. &c. Anybody may have the ledge who will treat it properly—

Come down with the dust handsomely, hey? Exactly.

But between ourselves friend—what is your real opinion of this timber-trade?

Do you read the New-England Galaxy?

Yes—that I do!

Well then, my real opinion is just what you see there. I give none but real opinions.

Well sir, I confess I am astonished. Look at the map. Look at the wonderful increase of our population. Good judges say that we have not so much timber now left, within the boundaries of Maine, as have actually been consumed within the last five-and-twenty years.

They are mistaken sir.

Mistaken sir! Impossible—

Then, sir, allow me to say what I have to say, in yet stronger language. They are either fools or liars—to a man. The consumption of white pine lumber, instead of increasing with the increase of our population, decreases; and fifty years hence will not be so great as it is now.

A general outbreak of astonishment followed this remark—but I consider: Five-and twenty

years ago, nineteen-twentieths of all our houses were built of wood—now they are built of brick or stone, and may now be built of either in the lumber districts, for less money than of white pine lumber, at the present prices.—Then more lumber was wasted than employed. Boards were saved nearly double their present thickness, frames were three times heavier than they are now—instead of plastering, white pine panel-work, or panel boards, tongued and matched, were employed for the inside walls of the commonest farm-house. After a while, that fashion was partly abandoned, and for a time you would see nothing but one broad panel, topped with a chair-rail running round the rooms, and a mop-board eighteen inches deep. All these things have yielded to plastering now—panel work is done with—the dead O, as they call it, has disappeared—the chair-rail is no more—and even the mop-board, a running-base or plinth, has dwindled to six inches.—and so with every thing else. Five and twenty years ago, about as much lumber was wasted by fire and freshet as was actually consumed. Now these things are done with. Fires in the woods happen no longer where the pine-timber lies—and all the logs are marked and numbered. People no longer order fifty per cent more than they want—much of our timber is got out by dimensions now; it is no longer necessary, if you would make sure of one thousand feet to order fifteen hundred—Are you satisfied?

No sir. Well sir. One word more. The consumption of white pine timber will be less in our country at the end of fifty years than it is now—for other reasons.

Another general outcry—Georgia-pine, will supersede it for flooring—may for fifty other things—our own hard pine, spruce and fir, better timber by all odds for many things they are now never used for, will soon get to be valuable, and the white pine will be saved for what nothing else will do. Why sir, do you know that cherry-tree lumber may be had from New York for the price of good seasoned white-pine at Portland, where it cannot be had now at any price; ay, sir, cherry-tree lumber ordered from New York, all expenses added, commission, freight passage, &c &c—costs considerably less! Nay, other kinds of wood will come into use in the same way, long before white pine gets established at any thing like the present prices. Mark my words.—And as for hemlock—spruce and fir—lumber of no value now, they will be made use of within five years from to day, to the abatement of more than fifty per cent of the present consumption of white pine.

Perhaps the gentleman would like to buy a tract of spruce, fir and hemlock, said a tall handsome stranger who had been listening a long while in silence.

No sir.

Or sell?

No sir. I have neither part nor lot in any lumber on earth—what I say of timber-lands you may believe or not as you like—what I say of my own particular ledge of granite, as I am interested there, I insist on your not believing—till you have satisfied yourself, with your own eyes.

When your houses are done, hey?

Yes.

And when will that be?

Enough for a sample I hope, in the month of October next.

For a sample, hey?—So, if I understand you, you build the granite-houses by way of recommending the granite.

No sir. My houses were half up long before I thought of buying the ledge I spoke of.—When I contracted for the stone, I did so because after the fullest and most patient examination, I could find no building-material in our country to be compared with it. And it was only when the fever for speculation began to rage all around, like the Cholera, and people were giving five, ten, twenty, nay one hundred thousand dollars for shares in a granite quarry not worth working in some cases—that I entered my head to protect myself against their hallucination. I was in church at the time; and that very day visited the quarry in person examined fragments that had been exposed for eleven years till the moss had gathered upon them, without any change of color, except for the better, and made up my mind to purchase.

Wal sir—I confess I do not see the difference between your speculation and ours.

Don't you? Then allow me to explain it to you once for all. I knew what I purchased.—You don't. I am sure of a monopoly. You are not.

How so?—How can you be sure that there is no other granite equal to yours in the state?

Simply because I have the every day experience of plain practical men—stone-splitters and stone-cutters—who have followed the business of exploring, quarrying and hammering for many years, and know every bit of granite above ground, or worth digging for within fifty miles of us—and as for all the rest of the business, the geological features, &c &c—what they don't know, I do!—Are you satisfied now?

Perfectly. And here he turned away, adding in a sort of whisper, as he betook himself to another group, sitting over a plain with all their stop-watches and pocket-books out, and a block of polished granite coursing the circle with unpeppable swiftness—what a capital auctioneer he'd make! I thought so too.

A moment after this, another person took me aside, a man of real worth and character, and assured me I was right, absolutely and entirely right.

I was a good deal astonished, for I knew that he had made at least one hundred thousand dollars by timber-land speculation within a few months.

Yes, he added—people grew poor when they paid a dollar for stumps.

And poorer when they paid nothing for it—or stole it—hey?

And now they are expected to grow rich at five or ten dollars. Why sir, I myself once bought 12000 acres of timber-land at one dollar the acre, for the purpose of helping a worthy man who was perfectly acquainted with the lumber-business, but had no capital. He was firmly persuaded and thousands are now, that the only way to make those purchases profitable was to operate for yourself. So I furnished the money, and he the labor, and we agreed to share the net profits. Now sir—all I can say is, that during many years, I never saw the interest of my money, tho' my partner as I have told you, was perfectly acquainted with the business, and labored most diligently and faithfully.

Indeed!—and what do you propose to do with that land now?

Nothing.

Nothing!

We have just sold it for five dollars an acre!

Here was another blow up! Even those who agreed with me that lands purchased for speculation would turn out a ruinous affair at last, were all sure that lands purchased for operating as they call it, would turn out well.—The long and the short of it is—and if we were to scribble forever, we could not make it plainer—that the people are mad—the speculators in everything under a most extraordinary hallucination. Talking won't save them nor help them. And all we have to say now is—into it all of you!—into it head and ears!—every man of you—who has nothing to lose, or so much, that you cannot be injured by a loss.—To all others, to the moderate and laborious, the frugal and the industrious, who have something put by for a rainy day, and not enough to gamble with—forever!

P. S. Since the above was in type, we—that is myself—I—have gone to the heart of another ledge, far superior in every respect to the celebrated Quincy Silestone. You shall see the proof at Boston before long. N.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 28, 1855.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

Our readers will not expect us in such weather as this while the thermometer is ranging from eighty to an hundred, we should set ourselves down to pen a long dull article on the present condition and future prospects of political parties. And if we could find a position cool enough for such a task, we are convinced they would not have leisure or patience to give it a perusal. Fortunately for us and them, the present state of things does not appear to require it at our hands. The lassitude induced by the warmth of the season appears to have reached even the busy politician, and to have produced a relaxation of effort, if not a cessation of hostilities. Our opponents from elaborate arguments and deceptive calculations to prove that the people cannot and will not govern themselves, are reduced to brief assertions and hackneyed assurances of success. They have called County Conventions in many parts of our State, but we as yet, hear nothing of their Candidate for Governor. This leisure is truly grateful; but we hope their party organization is not to be given up, for they are never more dangerous than when they pretend to be friends.

By the accounts from France, it appears probable that the indemnity Bill will be passed with the amendment requiring an explanation before payment is made. That amendment was offered by the opposition there for the purpose of embarrassing the government, and has been hailed with joy by the opposition here, as affording some prospect of preventing the restoration of harmony between the two governments. Since the publication of Mr. Livingston's letter, all the more respectable of the opposition papers in this country have acknowledged its truth and justice, and announced their determination to support the administration in its refusal to offer any excuse, explanation or apology. The weak and more unprincipled press of the opposition, who seek not for a reason but for an opportunity of opposing the present administration, still cling to the hope that France will not for dishonor herself as to refuse the appropriation without such humiliation as this government will never stoop to under the present or any other republican administration. Such men would gladly disgrace their country for the purpose of promoting their own selfish party views.

LAND SPECULATORS. The excitement still continues and is rather extending than diminishing. Those engaged are now obliged to content themselves with less exorbitant profits than heretofore, and we believe that most of them would not now consider an opportunity of making ten thousand dollars beneath their notice. We have even heard of persons selling who did not make half that sum. It is no longer considered to timber lands but still privileges and farms are bonded for a "consideration."

Where there is a pine tree or the stump of one, there you will find the speculator, with his eyes worn countenance, his eager look and rapid motion, his pockets stuffed with certificates and bonds. They buy or sell everything regardless of title or value, and many are evidently laying up for themselves a store of repentance which will last during their lives. It has been well said that there are only two classes of men who should permit themselves to engage in this business—those who have nothing to lose, and those who can bear without ruin any losses to lose, and those who are not to be neglected with prudence and caution though rather demure companions for the young and ardent are not to be neglected with impunity. Lands have unquestionably been undervalued heretofore, and there may be some now valued at less than their real worth, though we very much doubt it. The excitement has continued so long that the owners are now awake to the full value of what they possess, and will not be likely to part with it at less than its real worth.

The dwelling house of Mr. Henry Howe of Sumner was struck with lightning on the night of the 25th inst. The fire entered just below the roof and passed down one of the posts to the ground, tearing off the boards inside and out in its passage. No one was injured, though the bed in which Mrs. Howe slept was covered with the falling plastering and boards. We are informed that the end of the house struck was literally shivered in pieces. The house was not set on fire.

From the Charleston S. C. Courier.

Our Relations with France.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

The amendment of Gen. Valabre is the most mal-adroit effort which was ever made by a gallant people. The ancient chivalry of France is shown by this awkward step. It is a clear mistake of the point of honor; and by its adoption, the Chambers have placed themselves under the unavoidable necessity of a retreat—they have taken a false position; and if left there, the ridicule of every man of honor in Europe awaits them. Mortifying as it may be, the Chambers must take back their amendment. America will simply demand her debt—it is due—the funds are appropriated. If France has been insulted, will she be content to pocket the affront, because in so doing, she pockets five millions, which she admits does not belong to her? Is this chivalry? Is this the spirit of her Francis I—her Henry IV—her Bayard? Surely the Peers of France will, for their own honor, reject the clause.—They will never consent to withhold an admitted debt, under the allegations that France has been insulted. The reason is the more urgent to put an end at once to the relation of a defaulting debtor, that she may honorably demand reparation—an apology extorted as a consideration for the payment of a debt would be an eternal stigma. If America apologizes to get the money, France buys a reparation, which in honor she should demand without price; but to add to this, she buys it with our money, wrongfully withheld for that purpose. This is so clearly disreputable, that France must retract. Besides, American can offer no explanation which is to be paid for; for her motives will be liable to be misrepresented. She will act honorably with France for nothing; but she will not sell her courtesies. So that it will be alike dishonorable in France to require, and in America to give, any explanations until the debt is paid, and nothing but the point of honor is left. To unite it with a money affair was an error, which will crush the opposition, and bring them into contempt with all Europe; and probably ministers allowed it to pass only to have the odium of its folly fall on the heads of its authors.

America can only once more say to France, pay what you owe! If France refuses, she will treat her as a nation not acting on principles of justice, and cease all intercourse with her. How awkward then would be the situation of France! She would be under protest for non-payment of a debt; and with no other excuse than that she had been insulted by her creditor. The world would say to her, pay your debt, and then you will be free to seek reparation; until then, you discount the honor of France against five millions.—But if America should say to France, "You have been insulted, and have fixed the value of French honor at five millions; keep the money and the affront; we can afford it;" and what would France do? To take hostile measures without paying the money, would be to call down the ridicule of the world. I have consulted a friend, who never mistakes the true etiquette which belongs to high chivalry. He says, a debtor who has an affront to redress, cannot as a man of honor, demand satisfaction until he pays the debt, if he has the means: if he be insolvent, that is an excuse, for if asks explanations as a condition, he purchases what a man of honor should demand as a right.—His creditor cannot grant explanations, for they may be ascribed to his avarice. To mingle an affair of debtor and creditor with a question of national or personal honor, he pronounced wholly outre. General VALABRE has got himself and the Carlists into a difficulty, from which a candid retraction alone can extricate them. America has only to hold her position; France is in the wrong, and will be glad of any fair excuse to extricate herself.

To illustrate the error of the position of VALABRE, suppose the bill passes, and America preserves a profound silence, how long will France retain the five millions? How ridiculous her position, if she offers to pay on receiving the explanations. America says—when you are ready to pay what you owe, and thus get rid of the obligation of a debtor, you may do so; I have nothing to say, it is your own affair. I have placed you before the world a debtor—you say an insulted one—remain so as long as you think the honor of France requires. Could any thing be more cruel than absolute silence on our part? What honorable man would balance his accounts thus—"By an insult." Gen. VALABRE and his party, in their anxiety to embarrass the Government of France have been guilty of an error, which has compromised them, and if adopted as a national act, must compromise France with all the world. It is the more to be regretted, as America is indisposed to wound the honor, or unjustly to effect the interests of her ancient ally.

BAYARD.

From the Bangor Republican.

Wig Candidate for Governor. It is rumored that the Duke of Alfred will this year take the field in person as the wig candidate for Governor. It is said he thinks he acquired that influence in the last Legislature which will enable him to swing the State "by the tail," as he once boasted he could his own country. We will not be held responsible for the rumor but it is bruited that he is so desirous of being Governor of Maine, that he has promised, if elected, to restore Grand Mean and Campo Bello to their rightful owners—settle the Northern Boundary Question to the satisfaction of the citizens of Madawaska—build a Railway from Portland to Quebec, and keep it clear of snow-drifts in the winter—open a Canal from Penobscot waters through every tim-

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ber township in the State—remove the State-
House to the geographical centre of the State,
and do other matters and things of equal im-
portance to the varied interests and wants of
the people of Maine. We do not understand
whether all this is to be done by an appropria-
tion from the U. States Treasury, the Treas-
ury of our own State by a special tax upon the
people for the purpose, or by individual cap-
ital and enterprise. We really begin to believe
the "great American," "universal wig party"
in Maine are fast stuck in the "slough of des-
pond," and that they have not the courage to
run a candidate of their own for Governor. If
the Duke of Alfred is not to be run, and rumor
has done him injustice in attributing to him the
above promises, the wigs can put them into the
mouth of some other man by them designated,
and ascertain whether they will not produce a
"powerful reaction" in favor of the federal
party. The necessary puffs, predictions and
bets can all be re-published from their last
year's newspapers; and their chance of suc-
cess, however the whigs may view it, is nearly
as good as that we shall soon have a week of
Sundays.

From the Saco Democrat.
We would recommend to the attention of our
readers, the following notices of the correspon-
dence of Mr. Livingston, our patriotic and tal-
ented Minister to France. They are copied
from opposition papers, and we hail with un-
feigned pleasure any thing which looks like can-
dor and fairness in our political opponents—
We hope to see some of the same spirit mani-
fested in those Journals, displayed in the papers
of our opponents in this section of the country,
and as one good action will atone for many er-
rors, we sincerely hope they will free their con-
sciences from a part, at least, of the heavy load
which now crushes them to the dust.

MR. LIVINGSTON'S LETTER.
We have been greatly pleased with the letter
of Mr. Livingston, written when about to leave
France, to the Duc de Broglie—the last effort
by our Minister to restore a good understand-
ing between the two countries. It is an exhibi-
tion of true American feeling, and we feel
proud, as Americans, that we had such a Min-
ister. Compared to the most of his brother
"Democratic" Statesmen, he is a "fara avis"—
"a speckled bird among the birds of the forest."
—*Charleston Free Press.*

To the exclusion of many articles we make
room to day for the highly interesting letter
of Mr. Livingston to the Duc de Broglie.—It is
an unanswerable document—France stands re-
buked—and she ought to be ashamed—before
the nations of the earth. Upon her be the re-
sponsibility for all the evils that may grow out
of her policy, evasive and dishonorable conduct.
—We trust that there will be but one feeling
on this subject throughout the country—a de-
termination to stand by our Government in all
measures rendered necessary by the course of
France. We have the right in this quarrel,
and we owe it to ourselves to maintain that
right.—*Winchester Repub.*

EXPENSIVE WHITEWASHING.
During the last session but one, of Congress,
the House of Representatives ordered an in-
quiry into the management of the Bank of the
United States, by virtue of a provision in the
charter expressly giving the right. In viola-
tion of the terms of the charter, the Bank re-
fused to submit their books to the examination
of a Committee of the House, and refused to
give information of their transactions. This
conduct convinced many who before had been
in doubt, that dark indeed must be the conduct
of that Bank, which it chose to conceal under
such responsibility. The allies of the Bank in
the United States Senate, where they then had
a majority, perceived the odium into which that
monopoly had justly fallen, and attempted to
turn the current by a pretended examination in-
to their concerns, and directed a Committee of
that body to do it. This Committee consisted
of four, Messrs. Webster and Ewing, Federal-
ists, and Messrs. Tyler and Mangum, Nullifiers
—three of whom were said to be debtors to the
Bank. They did not dare to put a single Demo-
crat upon the Committee, a course before un-
known in such proceedings. This Committee,
commonly called the Whitewashing Committee,
professed to make an examination, and did
make a long report.

What think ye these four modest gentlemen
charged and received for their services? Re-
member it is the people who have to pay these
charges. They received FIVE THOUSAND
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX
DOLLARS. Surely the people must be
very grateful to them for such trifling charges for
such valuable services. How much the print-
ing of this costly production amounted to, we
are not informed.—[Saco Dem.

MASSACHUSETTS 'BLUE LAWS.'
Judge Strong of Massachusetts, has recently
decided in a trial for forgery, that a person dis-
believing in a future state of rewards and pun-
ishments, is incompetent to testify in a Court of
Justice.

The same Judge, in the recent trial of Mr.
Cheever for a libel, decided that a clergyman
is a competent witness to testify to the effect of
ardent spirits upon the souls of men!

More ridiculous specimens of Judicial as-
sumption are not to be found upon the records
of any State in the Union, unless we turn back
to the trials for witchcraft—which were but so
many conspiracies of priest craft, had in Salem
during the infancy of civil liberty on this con-
tinent. Judge Strong ought to be put into the
pillory for such barefaced violence to the com-
mon sense of the age.

Sheriff's Sale.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Ven-
ue, on Saturday the eighth day of August next,
at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Store of Gideon
Powers in Carthage, in said county, all the right, title,
and interest which Jonathan Smith has in the Farm
occupies in two Lots of Land Situated 2. in the side and 2.
in the 10th Range of Lots in Carthage, the same attached
on original writ. ISAAC PARK, Deft. S.H.T.
Carthage, July 6, 1835. 3w 50

Guardian's Sale.
BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Stephen Emery
be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 20th day of
August next, at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house
of Cornelius T. Richardson in Turner, all the real estate
deceased, viz: The lot numbered 12, and a part of lot
numbered 230 in said Turner.
Terms made known at the time of sale.
JOHN HEARSEY, Administrator.
Canton, July 24, 1835. 3 w 50

Sheriff's Sale.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Ven-
ue, on Saturday the eighth day of August next,
at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Store of Gideon
Powers in Carthage, in said county, all the right, title,
and interest which Jonathan Smith has in the Farm
occupies in two Lots of Land Situated 2. in the side and 2.
in the 10th Range of Lots in Carthage, the same attached
on original writ. ISAAC PARK, Deft. S.H.T.
Carthage, July 6, 1835. 3w 50

Guardian's Sale.
BY virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for
the County of Oxford, State of Maine, the sub-
scriber, as Guardian of JOSEPH B. WALKER, minor son
and heir of Joseph Walker, late of Concord, in the county
of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, gentle-
man, deceased, will sell at Public Auction at the Inn of
J. H. Wardwell, in Rumford, in said county of Oxford,
on the second day of September next, at nine o'clock
A. M. the following lots and parcels of land, viz:
Numbers 19, 20, 21, and 22, of twenty acre lots in the
First Division of Lots in said Rumford. Numbers 11, &
15, of eighty acre lots in the same Division. Also, Nos.
23, 27, 31, 35, 39, 43, 47, & 51, of hundred acre lots in the
Second Division in said Rumford. Also, the fol-
lowing tracts of land in the Third Division of Lots in said
Rumford, viz: 60 acre lot numbered 18, 70 acre lot num-
bered 28, 65 acre lot numbered 41, 60 acre lot numbered
45, 72 acre lot numbered 46, 60 acre lot numbered 61,
150 acre lot numbered 21, 65 acre lot numbered 91, 100
acre lot numbered 111, 95 acre lot numbered 112. Also, one
half of the hundred acre lot numbered 12. Also, one
undivided half of the following lot, owned
in common with the heirs of the late Charles Walker,
viz: Number 6 of twenty acre lots in the First Division.
The subscriber is also authorized by said license to sell
all of said lands at private sale.
Terms made known at the time and place of sale.
ABIEL WALKER, Guardian.
July 15, 1835. 4 w 50

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
JUST received at the OXFORD BOOK STORE,
THE FARMER'S LIBRARY, (Vol. I.)
THE NEW AMERICAN GARDENER, containing practical direc-
tions for the cultivation of Fruits & Vegetables, including
Landscape and ornamental gardening, Grape vines, Silk,
Strawberries, &c. &c. By THOMAS G. FESSENDEN,
Editor of the New England Farmer.
(Vol. II.) THE NEW AMERICAN ORCHARDIST, or an
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(Vol. III.) THE COMPLETE FARMER and Rural Econ-
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THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

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Webster, of Cape Elizabeth, to Miss Almira
Sawyer.
In Bethel, by Rev. C. Frost, Mr. Alphin
Twitcheil, of Orono, to Miss Roxana A. Twitcheil,
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DIED.
In this town, July 8th Dea. Isaac Bolster,
aged 66 years.
In Havana, of yellow fever, George Gill, of
Saco, aged 18 years.

WANTED.—Immediately,
An Apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS, a Boy
of good education and steady habits from fifteen to
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be given. Enquire at this Office. July 21

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to Mrs. C. B. WATERHOUSE
will confer a favor by settling their accounts im-
mediately. Those remaining unsettled the first day of
September will be left with an Attorney for collection.
Paris, July 25, 1835. 4 w 50

Notice.
THE Second Term of the HIGH SCHOOL in this
Village will commence on the 11th of August next,
immediately. The Elementary branches of Education will form a prom-
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in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and in the
higher branches of Mathematics.
W. C. BALLARD, Instructor. 3w 50
Norway, July 25, 1835.

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Vegetable Balsamic Gum or Plaster,
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fresh wounds, old sores, burns, &c. For sale by
S. CROCKETT, & Co.
Paris, July 27, 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Ven-
ue, on Saturday the eighth day of August next,
at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Store of Gideon
Powers in Carthage, in said county, all the right, title,
and interest which Jonathan Smith has in the Farm
occupies in two Lots of Land Situated 2. in the side and 2.
in the 10th Range of Lots in Carthage, the same attached
on original writ. ISAAC PARK, Deft. S.H.T.
Mexico, July 10, 1835. 3w 50

Sheriff's Sale.
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Carthage, July 6, 1835. 3w 50

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Carthage, July 6, 1835. 3w 50

Sheriff's Sale.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Ven-
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in the 10th Range of Lots in Carthage, the same attached
on original writ. ISAAC PARK, Deft. S.H.T.
Weld, July 6th, 1835. 3w 50

Administrator's Sale.
BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Stephen Emery
be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 20th day of
August next, at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house
of Cornelius T. Richardson in Turner, all the real estate
deceased, viz: The lot numbered 12, and a part of lot
numbered 230 in said Turner.
Terms made known at the time of sale.
JOHN HEARSEY, Administrator.
Canton, July 24, 1835. 3 w 50

Guardian's Sale.
BY virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for
the County of Oxford, State of Maine, the sub-
scriber, as Guardian of JOSEPH B. WALKER, minor son
and heir of Joseph Walker, late of Concord, in the county
of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, gentle-
man, deceased, will sell at Public Auction at the Inn of
J. H. Wardwell, in Rumford, in said county of Oxford,
on the second day of September next, at nine o'clock
A. M. the following lots and parcels of land, viz:
Numbers 19, 20, 21, and 22, of twenty acre lots in the
First Division of Lots in said Rumford. Numbers 11, &
15, of eighty acre lots in the same Division. Also, Nos.
23, 27, 31, 35, 39, 43, 47, & 51, of hundred acre lots in the
Second Division in said Rumford. Also, the fol-
lowing tracts of land in the Third Division of Lots in said
Rumford, viz: 60 acre lot numbered 18, 70 acre lot num-
bered 28, 65 acre lot numbered 41, 60 acre lot numbered
45, 72 acre lot numbered 46, 60 acre lot numbered 61,
150 acre lot numbered 21, 65 acre lot numbered 91, 100
acre lot numbered 111, 95 acre lot numbered 112. Also, one
half of the hundred acre lot numbered 12. Also, one
undivided half of the following lot, owned
in common with the heirs of the late Charles Walker,
viz: Number 6 of twenty acre lots in the First Division.
The subscriber is also authorized by said license to sell
all of said lands at private sale.
Terms made known at the time and place of sale.
ABIEL WALKER, Guardian.
July 15, 1835. 4 w 50

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
JUST received at the OXFORD BOOK STORE,
THE FARMER'S LIBRARY, (Vol. I.)
THE NEW AMERICAN GARDENER, containing practical direc-
tions for the cultivation of Fruits & Vegetables, including
Landscape and ornamental gardening, Grape vines, Silk,
Strawberries, &c. &c. By THOMAS G. FESSENDEN,
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Mexico, July 10, 1835. 3w 50

\$500 IN PRIZES.
THE publishers of the Philadelphia Saturday Con-
sultant, being anxious to render their paper as super-
ior in the quality of its contents as it is already admitted to
be surpassing in size and cheapness, offer the following
premiums:—
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Essay on
Newspapers, their management and influence; with such
suggestions as may be most likely to promote their use-
fulness and independence, secure the payment of bills,
and advance generally the interests of publishers.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Original
Essays, and sentiments; and which, in its moral and
patriotic tendency, may be calculated to excite the
most salutary influence.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best series of
familiar and popular Medical Essays, not exceeding three
in number, on the prevention and cure of diseases,
and the promotion and preservation of Health; and, as
connected with so important a subject, the evils arising
from ignorance, error and quackery.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the best National Song; some-
thing which will excite the American muse, and that shall ex-
cite in the breast of the reader a glow of patriotic enthu-
siasm.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Satirical Review of the
foreign travelers and scribblers of the Fiddler and Trop-
ic, and of the
FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Poem.
The balance of Fifty Dollars will be reserved to defray
the expense of furnishing a few bibles to the Phila-
delphia Saturday Courier to each unsuccessful candi-
date whose production may be deemed worthy of being
published.
All communications intended for competition will be
handed to the several Committees of examination on the
first of January next, and the awards will be announced
immediately thereafter. The Committee of Examination
will consist of the first prize, and the second prize, and
the third prize, and the fourth prize, and the fifth prize,
and the sixth prize, and the seventh prize, and the eighth
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